More then your preſence, it ſhall *Hellen* pleaſe,
That you for her have paſt the ſtormy Seas,
That ſhe hath caus'd your toyl, that you reſpect her,
And more than all your *Trojan* Dames affect her.
But ye're a wag in troth, the notes and ſignes,
You make a Table, in the meats and wines;
I have obſerv'd, when I leaſt ſeem'd to minde them,
For at the firſt my curious eye did finde them.
Sometimes (you wanton) your fixt eye advances,
His brightneſſe againſt mine, darting ſweet glances,
Out gazing me with ſuch a ſtedfaſt looke,
That my daz'd eyes their ſplendor have forſooke:
And then you ſigh, and by and by you ſtretch
Your amorous arme outright, the bowle to reach]
That next me ſtands, making excuſe to ſip,
Juſt in the ſelfeſame place that kis'd my lip.
How oft have I obſerv'd your finger make,
Trickes and conceited ſignes, which ſtraight I take?
How often doth your brow your ſmooth thoughts cloke,
When to (my ſeeming) it hath almoſt ſpoke,
And ſtill I fear'd my husband would have ſpi'd yee,
In troth you are to blame, and I muſt chide yee.
You are too manifeſt a Lover (Tuſh,)
At ſuch knowne ſignes I could not chuſe but bluſh,
And to my ſelfe I oft was forc'd to ſay,
This man at nothing ſhames. Is this (I pray)
Ought ſave the truth? oft times upon the board,
Where *Hellen* was ingraven, you the word,
Amo, have under-writ, in new ſpilt wine;
(Good ſooth) at firſt I could not skan the line,
Nor underſtand your meaning: Now (oh ſpight)
My ſelfe am now taught, ſo to Reade and Write;

Should

Should I offend, as ſinne to me is ſtrange,
Theſe blandiſhments have power chaſte th
Or if I could be mov'd to ſtep aſtray,
Theſe would provoke me to laſcivious pla
Beſides, I muſt confeſſe, you have a face,
So admirable rare, ſo full of grace,
That it hath power to wooe, and to make
Of the moſt bright chaſte beauties to your
Yet had I rather ſtaineleſſe keepe my Fame
Then to a ſtranger hazzard my good name
Make me your inſtance, and forbeare the f
Of that which moſt doth pleaſe you, make
The greateſt vertues of which wiſe men bo
Is to abſtaine from that which pleaſeth mo
How many gallant Youths (thinke you) d
That which you covet? skorch'd with the ſ
Are all the world fooles? onely *Paris* wi
Or is there none ſave you have judging eyes
No, no, you view no more than others ſee,
But you are plainer, and more bold with m
You are more earneſt to purſue your game.
I yeeld you not more knowledge, but leſſe ſh
I would to God that you had ſayl'd from *Tr*
When my Virginity and bed to enjoy,
A thouſand gallant Princely Suters came:
Had I beheld young *Paris*, I proclaine,
Of all thoſe thouſand I had made you chiefe,
And *Spartan Menelaus* to his griefe,
Should to my cenſure have ſubſcribe and yeel
But now (alas) your hopes are weakely buil
You covet goods poſſeſt, pleaſures fore-taſte
Tardie you come, that ſhould before have h

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